

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"WHATEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—Paul.

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by the Editor.

"The Theosophist" (January, 1892) contains an account by Lieutenant C. L. Peacocke, R.A., of a visit to an Indian soothsayer last August. Govind Chetty, the "cunning man" in question, lived about six miles from Kumbakanum, in Southern India: a tall, well-made man, bluff and uncourteous in manner; one who has made acquaintance with the pains and penalties of the law by reason of his occult practices. At the interview with Lieutenant Peacocke, he sat down without salutation and began to write, keeping up a sort of conjurer's patter the while. In about ten minutes he handed the lieutenant a sheet of paper, asking him to sign his name at the end of it, and then to put it in his pocket. This done he inquired his business, and being told politely to find out, informed him that the paper which he had in his pocket contained the questions he was about to put, with the answers to them. He desired, however, that Lieutenant Peacocke would state his questions openly so as to guard against fraud or collusion. The rest of the narrative I give in the words of the narrator:—

Now I had told nobody what I had intended to ask him, though I had determined on the questions a week or ten days before; they were:—(1) "When and where shall I be married?" (2) "How did the two Parsee ladies meet their death on the Rajabai Tower, Bombay?" (3) "I have a sealed paper in my pocket; who wrote it, and what does it contain?" As soon as I had stated my questions, he said to me, "Repeat a line of poetry on anything you like," so trying to puzzle him with something ridiculous, I said, "And where fire flies." Then he asked me to name a bird at random. I said, "Swan." "Now read the paper I gave you," he said. Taking it out of my pocket, I gave it to one of my friends to translate to me. I may remark here that Govind only knows his own vernacular Tamil, so all conversation had to be carried on by an interpreter; this paper I refer to has been translated to me by several independent gentlemen at different places, so I can certify to the following being a correct translation into English of the original in Tamil, which I hold in my possession:—

"You were born in the year 1867 (Christian era) in the month of April. You are now twenty-four years, four months and twenty-eight days, eleven hours old.* There are three questions all concerning females. You will be married in your twenty-fifth year to a good woman; Ine is her name; age nineteen; you first met her in Switzerland.† The two females in Bombay met their death from an unnatural cause. You have a letter in your pocket which is sealed, the name of the writer is Pearse.‡ In your former birth you were in a spiritual caste, but through some fault in your Karma are now born in a body less suited to spiritual development. To give weight to this, I say you will compose the following line—'And where fire flies—' You have one brother and two sisters.§

* I was born on April 1st, 1867, hour unknown. My visit to Govind was on August 29th, 1891, about noon.

† This is all correct. "Ine" was spelt phonetically in Tamil, likewise "Switzerland."

‡ Spelt phonetically in Tamil, and quite correct.

§ This should be one brother and three sisters.

You gain no assistance from your family. In about two years you will get an appointment, and will be promoted in about five years. You will go to England in your twenty-sixth year. You will live to over sixty years of age. Your wife is very fortunate. You are a good sage. In proof of the truth of this you will say 'Swan.'

Such is the substance of the paper he gave me before speaking to me at all; as to *how* he was able to determine beforehand what questions I should ask, and what words I would repeat at random, I make no guesses, but simply state the facts as they occurred.

I have been favoured with a copy of the first number of "The Future," which is described as "a monthly journal of predictive science." I have no personal knowledge of the technicalities of astrology, and am, therefore, not qualified to pronounce an opinion on its details or to criticise its methods. But average powers of observation enable me to judge its results: and a somewhat extended acquaintance with the dealings of the ordinary critic when he treats of occult matters of which he is ignorant does not predispose me to accept his conclusions without question. In the present publication a prominent place is given to Zadkiel's predictions that "Prince Albert Victor would prove delicate and unfortunate"; that in December, 1891, "a certain royal personage" (I wish he had said plainly the Prince of Wales) "will meet with some grief or trouble"—the fact being that Prince George came near his death in that month and that Prince Albert Victor died in January, 1892; that Zadkiel's hieroglyphic for this year shows Britannia weeping over a coffin; and that the same authority predicted in 1868 Prince George "will, if he live, become King of England under the title of George V. England will be proud of her fifth King George, and his name shall descend to posterity as one of the wisest and best of monarchs." The last prophecy remains to be fulfilled or falsified, but the other predictions are sufficiently remarkable to arrest attention. They are founded on principles which are stated and on observation which is plainly laid down. I do not know what proportion of astrological predictions are found to be verified. Probably we hear of successes, while failures are not published. Probably, too, many failures are attributable to imperfect knowledge of the principles of astrology on the part of this species of prophet. It is as reasonable to expect this to be the case as it is unreasonable to refer such successful predictions as those cited above to the domain of mere coincidence.

Astronomers are not always more successful than astrologers in their predictions, when they deal with subjects with which they are not experimentally acquainted. For example:—

Newton thought that "A comet overtook the earth from behind, about fifty centuries ago, when the earth was reduced to a glacial condition, and precipitated its whole substance upon her, consisting of about 15,000,000 cubic miles of water, and a smaller quantity of air. The water raised the seas to their present level, while the addition of air, raising the sea-level barometer perhaps some inches, gave us the warm climates, now cooling far more slowly than in antediluvial times." Newton said that comets "proved the earth's history to be

catastrophic." Comte said that "Scientific knowledge of planetary relations destroys the sense of absolute security from all possible risk of disturbance. . . . Collision with a comet, for instance, is a danger from which it can never be proved that we are really free."

In 1857 there was a great scare throughout Europe because a learned astronomer had foretold that the comet of 1556 would then re-appear, and come into collision with and greatly injure the earth. Nothing of the sort happened.

In 1861 the earth passed through the tail of a great comet and no harm whatever ensued.

So it would seem that "exact science" is not always exact in its predictions. The fact is that astrology has shared the fate of the unknown and unfamiliar when it has come in contact with the scientific mind. It is time that the demand of the Editor of "The Future" should receive attention at least from us, who have suffered so long from the methods of which he complains. He demands "fair play and a patient, philosophical, and impartial examination" of evidence. He is within his right, and such fair-play must be conceded. The reign of the physicist, who, as such, arrogates to himself a final word as arbiter in psychical problems is over. Students of one branch of exact science accept with respect the conclusions, founded upon, and justified by, observation and knowledge of the student in a branch of physical science which is not their own; but the biologist, as such, does not claim to sit in judgment on the chemist or the astronomer. We claim, in our turn, that they shall qualify as students before they act as judges in obscure problems of psychics. And this right, which the Spiritualist vindicates for himself in his sphere of research, he is or ought to be prepared to concede, without captious questioning, to one whose knowledge qualifies him to speak on the subjects of astrology. It should be unnecessary to put into words so obvious a contention. It *would* be a waste of time so to do, were it not that the Faradays and Carpenters of the past have left their record in history, and are represented still by a diminishing group of descendants whose science in their own respective departments becomes sciolism in ours, when they elect, quite unnecessarily, to meddle with that vast domain of psychical investigation in which their ignorance is only too apparent.

Even the astrologer, when he steps out of his proper sphere of action, is not above the censure which he directs against his own critics. The Editor of "The Future" has an article on the "Future of Medicine," which surprises me. He does not like the school of orthodox medicine. That is as may be. No one compels him to be physicked *secundum artem*. Are there not *panaceas* advertised at prodigious cost which he may procure at the nearest chemist's? Was there not a Holloway, and is there not a Beecham on whose pills he may batten at will? I believe the late "Professor" Holloway used to recommend in obstinate cases the consumption of an increasing quantity of his pills until a crisis supervened, and the patient succeeded in varying his condition for better or for worse. There is scope there for the most ardent experimentalists. And if the pill be preferred small there is always the homœopathist at hand. He even tinctures (the Editor avers) the prescriptions of the old school, and so can be had any way, with or without the orthodox admixture, or should I, perhaps, rather say, adulteration? I seem somewhere to have heard that the homœopath is nowadays himself tinctured with allopathy, and that the cardinal principles of Hahnemann have been largely abandoned in practice. So, whether the Allopath is variegated with Homœopathy, or the Homœopath is tinctured with Allopathy, it is, in the end difficult, as indeed one finds respecting all articles of consumption, to get a perfectly unadulterated pill or potion. That may be admitted without venturing to pronounce any opinion upon the exact disqualifying effect of such adulteration. But this,

surely, does not justify the astrologer in this remarkable piece of criticism:—

Let us suppose a man to be suddenly seized with illness in London, far away from his medical adviser. If the art of medicine has any certainty in it there should be one correct method of treatment, and any who deviate from it must be wrong. Is it so? By no means. The treatment depends on chance literally. Thus Dr. A may have the patient bled, Dr. B will prescribe calomel, Dr. C will exhibit a mild aperient, Dr. D will order tonics and bracing air, Dr. E will write a prescription comprising twenty medicaments, Dr. F will give bread pills, Dr. G will say you must be lowered, Dr. H will order wine or whisky and substantial fare.

If this critical method had been applied to the practice of astrology, as I have no doubt it has been, we should have had ructions and rejoinders. Phlebotomy and calomel, tonics and bread pills, depressents and stimulants to say nothing of a prescription with twenty forms of sub-consciousness—really this is too much to hope for by one patient in one town! Rather than this, give me what the Editor picturesquely describes as "the starry method of selection" as applied to remedies. Let me be physicked by Saturn "friendly to Mars," and let "aconite (a Saturnine planet (*sic*) quickly subdue (my) acute inflammation of a martial character." It is true that I did not know that aconite is properly described as a "Saturnine planet," but my knowledge of astrological prescriptions for the cure of disease is a vanishing quantity, and it may be all right. But somehow I think that the astrological critic of medical science is not more happy than have been some scientific critics of astrology.

A SPONTANEOUS MANIFESTATION.

The following incident, which happened about two years ago, serves as an instance of spontaneous spirit manifestation for the purpose of interfering in a business matter:—

Mrs. X., residing at Kensington, had a maid, E., whose sister, J., had saved a little money. J., desirous of making a will in favour of her sister, called one day to request Mrs. X. to draw up the document. This was accordingly done, all the money being left to E., to the exclusion of a brother of these young women, who was married and in poor circumstances.

J. had just left the house, and Mrs. X. was alone in a small room used as a breakfast-parlour, when she was rather startled by a vigorous knocking on the walls and floor. It should be mentioned that she and her maid were in the habit of holding seances together, but the raps on this occasion were quite distinct in character from those which they usually obtained. Mrs. X. at once summoned E. to the room, and both sat at a table with the object of opening communication with the unknown visitant.

The rapping continuing, they learned by means of the alphabet that the communicator was E.'s father, who had passed away several years before. He now professed himself indignant at the injustice of the will which had just been drawn up; for, as he said, his son, who had a large family, stood much more in need of the money than E., who had no claims upon her.

Both E. and her mistress were naturally a good deal impressed by this occurrence, and promised that the will should be cancelled, upon which E.'s father (if such it really were) declared himself satisfied. In consequence of this E. actually had the will destroyed shortly afterwards, although this course was adverse to her own interests, and notwithstanding that Mrs. X. had approved of its terms, until their unfairness was pointed out in such a singular manner.

The circumstances of this case appear to preclude any but the Spiritualistic theory.

G. A. K.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' CORRESPONDING SOCIETY will assist inquirers. Copies of "LIGHT," leaflets on Spiritualism, and list of members sent on receipt of stamped envelope. Address J. ALLEN, Hon. Sec., 14, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex, or W. C. Robson, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Manor Park branch will hold the following meetings at 14, Berkley-terrace: Sunday, at 11.30 a.m., for students and inquirers; also the last Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m.: reception on Thursday, at 11.30 a.m.; seance on Friday, at 8.15 p.m., for Spiritualists only, "The Study of Mediumship" and at 1, Wiunifred-road, White Post-lane, on Tuesday, at 8.15 p.m., experimental seance. Also the first Sunday in each month at 7 p.m., experience meeting.—J.A.

WATCHMAN: WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Mr. B. O. Flower, the able Editor of the "Arera," is sometimes thought to take gloomy views of life as he sees it. If he does he may be excused, for there is much in the contemplation of human life in great cities to make a man sad. But Mr. Flower's assaults upon iniquity and wrong have been animated by a belief in man's power to substantially mitigate injustice and palliate suffering. The sore must be exposed before it can be dressed. Civilisation has reached a pitch of unequal development when there rises all around an urgent cry for some remedy for its blots. The Lazaruses that lie at our Cities' gates, full of sores, make the polluted air heavy with their moans. The fact that their cries attract attention is the great hope of this age. The real dangers lie in apathy, in that stolid acquiescence with things as they are, which is the surest evidence of decay; and in that unequal distribution of the wherewithal of existence, which leaves the Lazarus to starvation and the Dives to a hardly less pitiable repletion, in which the joys of existence are quenched in satiety, and wholesome, healthy life is well-nigh impossible. It is in the firm belief that this state of things is evoking its own remedy that I ask the attention of my readers to Mr. Flower's words, which I reproduce below. They are worthy the attention of every true Spiritualist.—ED. "LIGHT."

THE DAWNING DAY.

Amid the crash of falling creeds and time-honoured dogmas which to-day so distinctly marks a new epoch in the world of religious thought, an ill-defined sense of uneasiness is weighing on the minds of millions of conscientious, truth-loving people, like the shadow of a great sorrow or the premonitions of an impending catastrophe. This feeling is not surprising nor is it new. Since civilisation dawned, at every onward step from lower or material conceptions to the acceptations of loftier ideals, the same thrill of general alarm has been experienced; the same sky overcast with depressing doubt and dread has canopied the thinking world. When Paganism in Rome gave way to the alien creed of the Galilean fisherman; when Luther electrified Europe, by hurling into the stagnant pool of dogmatic and conservative thought great thunderbolts forged from freedom's iron; when in our own time the era of modern science burst upon the dazzled vision of the world, civilisation felt the same shock. Nor is this to be wondered at when we remember that the old ever contains much of the gold of truth, which rash reformers too often indiscriminately assail while denouncing real error. Besides it is a weakness of humanity to cling lovingly to old ideas and long-cherished dreams. Yet the onward march of progress, like the great natural laws which govern the universe, heeds not the heart-throbs, the fears, nor yet the prayers of individuals. When the era dawns for a larger truth to be made manifest, it comes much as does the morning, silently but with its all-pervading brightness. Many seek to shut out the light and may, for a time, darken their own mentality by closing their eyes to the new truth, but they are impotent to prevent the benedict rays baptising the outer world. The spectacle of powerful religious and conservative bodies, of political institutions and masterly brains attempting to baffle and drive back an on-coming but unwelcome truth, is one of the most instructive and pathetic pictures constantly recurring in the civilised world, reminding one of men attempting to put out a prairie fire in the West or a forest ablaze in the pine belts of the North. The majestic ocean of flame may be checked at one point or held for a time at bay in another, but along the general lines billow upon billow sweeps onward. The inevitable triumph of the new over the old has never failed to awaken the fear of millions, but the future has always demonstrated the wisdom of the new thought, revealing the splendid fact that the prophets and pioneer thinkers beheld grander vistas, nobler ideals, higher hopes, and loftier faiths, resulting from the new truths, the light of which seemed darkness to millions of minds, whose vision was still limited by their position in the valleys of prejudice and inherited thought. Precisely so with the battle now in progress in the religious world. Many of the noblest thinkers are passing under the fire of ancient critical and

conservative thought, being tried for heresy, and in some instances being driven from the religious bodies in which they have long laboured, because, having risen above the masses in the valley, they have caught a broader view of creation's marvels and the thoughts and plans of the Divine Architect. Yet it will some day be demonstrated that these men constituted the vanguard of real progress. Some day it will be seen that they had caught more perfectly than the masses in their generation the true spirit of an elevating religion. If in the midst of this babel of confusion those who are racked with fear, doubt, and dread will lay aside prejudice and preconceived opinions, while thoughtfully studying the whole situation, not only as presented to-day, but comparatively as well, they will, I believe, be forced to the conclusion that it is more than possible that they are not in possession of all the truth held in the ever-broadening dawn of a perpetually coming day. They will, I think, behold that even now the world is aglow with a truer religion than has heretofore blossomed along the highway of time.

There is to-day, I believe, more deep, pure, and far-reaching love in the heart of humanity, a truer conception of justice, a higher standard of spirituality than civilisation has ever known. Slowly has man arisen from the cellar of his being, from the gross level of pure sensuality and materiality. In the long, painful search of man for happiness, he has touched every key in his being. He has made a god of his stomach, crying, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry," as though gluttony was the magic key to happiness. Sensualism! Behold Tiberius, surrounded by maidens crowned with laurels, eaten up with disease. Ambition! Napoleon—Waterloo—St. Helena! And so through the long night of man's search for the secret of happiness, the shout has ascended from age to age, and from zone to zone. Eureka! Here is felicity! But scarcely have the words burst forth from joyous lips before the illusion has changed into a fleshless, grinning spectre of death. The history of man has been at once an evolutionary growth, and a search for happiness. But the nineteenth century, more than any other century, has given to the people a truer ideal than has heretofore been currently accepted, and the eventide of this century, more than any other period, approaches nearest a realisation of the coveted prize, because the great surging masses of our time have more fully than the masses of any other age come into realisation of the truth that in the mind or spiritual nature abides the true self, and that in the fountain of true spirituality, from whence flow love, truth, justice, and harmony, lies the most exalted and enduring happiness. True, far up the vista of the ages, as beacon lights along the treacherous shores, have great lives sent forth thoughts bearing the essence of the highest wisdom, religion, and philosophy, but it has remained until our time for the beauty and power of these age-long truths to be appreciated by the people. Nor must it be supposed that the light has as yet fully dawned on the popular mind. Only the red streaks which herald day, only the purple glow which is the prophet of effulgent light are visible. Still enough is seen to give assurance that the epoch is at hand when humanity will rise into a higher story of being; when men will come to fully realise that only as the lofty aspirations of the spirit find response will true happiness be the heritage of the people.

I know the statement that the great rank and file of Christendom to-day have a loftier conception of religion, and more true spirituality in their hearts than ever before will be called in question. It will be urged that the presence of such widespread poverty and suffering in the cities and country demonstrates the falsity of the assumption, and this would have force were it not for two things. (1) Never before has the question of the poverty and suffering been so agitated. Never have the rights of the masses been so dwelt upon. Never has there gone up such a mighty protest for justice for the oppressed as to-day. Our literature, from the newspaper to the most solid review, from the family weekly to the popular novel, is ablaze with moral enthusiasm. The philosopher, the novelist, the editor, the clergyman, and the playwright are treating social problems as never before. The very air is vibrating with expectancy. The word has gone forth that there must be a change. (2) The great army of people who are struggling by manual labour for a livelihood are no longer content with a mere subsistence. The angry discontent which is swelling from ocean to ocean is a most eloquent affirmation of the fact that the soul of the

people has awakened to a higher life; a nobler ideal has passed before their vision. Henceforth discontent will fill their minds until conditions are so changed that the longings and aspirations of their higher natures are satisfied.

A few centuries ago men were content to be the vassals of kings, lords, and dukes. They lived much as the animals of the fields. Times changed, but still the masses found little time for aught beyond providing themselves with shelter, supplying the appetite, and keeping the body warm. As long as this condition satisfied them there was little chance for improvement. When, however, the soul-life awakened, a great discontent was manifested, first among the urban population, later in remote country life; a discontent so pronounced, so resolute, so intelligent, that all thoughtful students of history will readily understand that nothing save that wider justice and broader freedom which will make life for the people mean something more than a struggle for existence can quiet the rising storm. Thus from the thinker in the seclusion of his study to the artisan at the bench and the farmer in the field, we find a profound intellectual awakening, which demonstrates the onward march of humanity. It is true that those in power may be blind to the signs of the times and deaf to the import of the rising storm, much as was the nobility of France before the Revolution, and they may through injustice and oppression cause a temporary eclipse of that which lies at the bottom of this agitation and discontent—the soul-awakening—so that the first result may be seen in one of those blind, brutal, and bloody storms of retribution, which have before darkened the pages of history, but beyond which rose truer life and a greater meed of justice. If, however, such a cataclysm should come, it would be attributable to an anæsthetised conscience on the part of conservatism, the privileged classes and a soulless plutocracy, rather than to the people whose moral and intellectual natures are now becoming aroused, and beyond any manifestation of ferocity and bloodshed which may come, will rise a newer and broader life in which the spiritual element will predominate, in which the soul-life will dissolve the baser instincts as fire melts ice. In this golden age which is at hand religion will appear more radiant than poet's dream or artist's dearest conception, for she will be the fulfilment of man's noblest ideal, the embodiment of all that is pure, loving, wise, and just. In this coming age we may expect society to hold in reverence that lofty dream of seer and bard, that persistent prophecy which one generation has handed down to another, clothed in the varied imagery peculiar to different climes and ages, but ever bearing the same significance, Liberty, Fraternity, and Justice, and the great moving thought of this higher civilisation will be summed up in the new watchword, which is so old, "Overcome evil with good"; drive out the base with the pure; destroy hate with love, brutality with gentleness, and elevate man by touching all the well-springs of spirituality, by playing upon the notes of his higher being.

THE EDITOR, in January "Arena."

RESIGNATION OF MRS. HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

The "Two Worlds" (February 12th) announces the resignation of Mrs. Hardinge Britten as Editor. The Board of Directors publish a special notice, which we append:—

At the meeting of the Board of Directors on Monday, February 8th, the following resolution was passed unanimously: We, the Directors of "The Two Worlds" Publishing Company, Limited, express our regret that circumstances have arisen which have occasioned Mrs. Britten's resignation as Editor of "The Two Worlds," and that we, in accepting the same, desire to tender our best wishes for her future welfare.

The Editor issues a valedictory, in which she announces her retirement "for good and sufficient reasons," which reasons she hints that she will explain hereafter. We cannot allow the cessation of Mrs. Britten's connection with the Spiritualistic Press as Editor of one of its English journals to pass without a word of sincere regret that any circumstances should have arisen to make such a step necessary. Without the knowledge that would enable us to offer any direct opinion on what, indeed, does not so concern us as to justify interference, we must confine ourselves to this expression of regret and to an echo of the "best wishes for her future welfare" formulated by the Board of Directors.

THOSE who do but fear know not God, for "God is love."
—FENELON.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE GHOSTS.

The Editor of the "Buckingham Advertiser" assures us, in answer to inquiry, that "he has every confidence in his correspondent who vouched for the accuracy" of what follows. We give the statements as they originally appeared:—

No. I.

T. W. says: It was in the years 1868-9. I was apprenticed to a bootmaker, in the village of T—, not many miles from Buckingham. My employer was a matter-of-fact, sober-sided old man, who scouted any idea of supernatural visitations. Well, it happened that I used to be unpleasantly familiar with strange noises. I slept in a bed in the attic at the farther end of the cottage, and I would frequently tell the old man of rappings and footsteps I heard, but my only reply was a grumpy rebuff. One night I was awakened by a noise as if the whole rows of lasts had fallen to the floor. I walked downstairs and entered the workshop, which was underneath my bedroom, vexed at the thought of having to arrange the lasts on the ledges again. But what was my surprise to find not one removed from its position! Another night, after being in bed some hours, I was startled by hearing all the nests of drawers containing nails and tacks tumble down; and yet, on another occasion, a crash as if the cupboard and lamp had dislodged and broken. Each time I went downstairs, but discovered no trace of confusion, and all was tidy as when left hours before. I used to lie and listen to footsteps walking up the stairs and about the rooms, but never saw anything. There was one curious incident I shall always remember during those years. Sometimes after I had retired to rest there used to be something I could never see but feel fall across my bed with a thud, like some heavy body. You can imagine I didn't relish the feeling, and I would spring out of bed to detect—nothing. The old man invariably laughed at me in the morning on my mentioning the queer disclosure. Well, things went on like this for months, the bootmaker seeing or hearing nothing—and he put down everything to my imagination—till one day his nephew came to stay for a while. He was a youth younger in years than I was, and shared my bed; and it so happened on a certain night he went to bed first. I forget why, perhaps we were busy and worked overtime. At anyrate on my appearing in the bedroom he was wide awake, and said, calling me by my name: "You thought you would have a lark with me by coming upstairs and laying yourself across our bed. Of course, it being dark I couldn't see you; but if you think you frightened me you are mistaken." I smiled and allowed him to consider it was I who was there. He was a nervous, highly-strung lad, so I thought it prudent and best to keep my own counsel. Next morning I got him to relate the circumstance before my employer at breakfast; and as he did so I gave the old man a look, as much as to say "How about it now?" The bootmaker never thought my fears groundless after that, but the question still remains unanswered—"What was it? and why did it come?"

No. II.

E. G. says: Within an hour and a-half's easy walk from Buckingham Town Hall stands my house, and its living persons comprise self, wife, and children. About three years ago strange noises began to be heard at times, more or less frequently. At first we treated them lightly—we thought they were fancies. Not so now. We used to be startled in the evenings and during the nights by knockings at the doors and rappings on the walls, but on our answering the knocks we found no one about the premises. Many nights we have heard footsteps in our bedrooms, on the stairs, and in the rooms below, and at this date (December 23rd) they are of almost nightly occurrence. About six weeks ago the noise at our bedside was very startling—it was like someone moving about the room we were in. There were distinct heavy movements. My wife was rather timid, but presently fell asleep, and I was just upon following her example when I distinctly felt the mattress heave up and down. I did not mention the fact till morning as I thought perhaps my wife would be afraid. But there was nobody under the bed. Lately, owing to our infant not being well, I slept in an adjoining bedroom and the child slept with its mother. To my surprise she told me next day that she also felt the bed quite plainly move up and down several times, but as

many strange happenings are now the rule, and not the exception with us, she was not so terrified as otherwise would have been the case. Often we are awakened by peculiar, unfathomable sounds in different parts and at different times. I have not seen anything, and continually wondered if the restless spirit for I don't know how else to designate it is male or female, but I believe the latter now, for about a fortnight ago I started from sleep by hearing footsteps walking round my bed, creaking like a woman wearing soft boots. The chief haunt of the unearthly visitant seems to be mostly in a certain bedroom near the landing and down the staircase. The children as well as ourselves so often hear the gate (made for the children's safety) at the top of the stairs bang to and fro in the night that we are of telling one another about it. We call the ghost—or whatever it is—the family “fixtore.” It is well known the good Rev. John Wesley and household were haunted by similar unaccountable Spiritualistic noises. Therefore, why shouldn't ours be also? One night during the present month my wife was lying awake, and saw a shadow rise in front of a candle, which was burning at the time—we always keep a light burning because of the child—accompanied by a noise like heavy breathing, and with a wave of the hand it put the light out. The candlestick fell over, but on examining the apartment there was nothing, and the door had not been unfastened. At another time, lately, being a light sleeper, I had been lying awake for fully an hour, when all of a sudden I heard the bedroom door, to which I have referred, and near where two children sleep, begin to open and close with great violence. This it continued to do for five minutes, then I halloed out to know if anyone were shaking it: but on receiving no reply, I walked on the landing and witnessed such a sight I never saw before in my life. It was a quiet, still night, and yet the door was moving rapidly, and making enough noise to wake up the whole household. I watched it a minute or so, and then, opening my wife's bedroom door, intended to ask her to witness it also. Everyone slept soundly, and as she had not been well, and was in a refreshing sleep, which was singular considering the rattle, I was loth to disturb her. I then went and took hold of the door, and, with great force, caused it to latch at last, and after this all was still again. If we shut doors at night they will be opened in the morning, and *vice versa*. Only a few nights ago, I went up to rest last of all, and having forgotten to bring up the timepiece I returned for it, when the door I had just opened, leading to the kitchen, was tightly closed. One curious thing is that my wife often sees me apparently near her in the daytime, and addresses me, when I am not in the house, and I often see her in the same way. Another singular thing is that the children almost regularly, without nightmares, between 1 and 4 a.m., begin talking to each other for an hour together very loudly. They never feel exhausted in the morning, and know nothing about it. A night or two ago, a little child who slept near me began talking in the middle of the night, whilst the others answered back again. I took a light and watched the countenance which looked happy and smiling, but no words were articulated. Was this some mysterious transmission of thoughts—Who shall say? One evening, a week ago, about nine o'clock, my wife was upstairs putting the children to bed, and as I sat by the fire I heard a voice speaking several times in the room I was sitting in. Presently my wife came downstairs, and before reaching the bottom inquired of me who I had got with me talking. I told her no one was in the house except the children upstairs and ourselves. “Well,” she said, “I am sure I can hear some strange voices in the room.” We listened and both heard it together. I also call to mind one early morning not long since, about half-past three, hearing someone go downstairs and close the door, after I saw a light as from a candle or lamp at the time. Thinking someone had got up to kindle the fires too early, I ascertained and found all asleep. The next morning about the same early hour there was a loud report like the falling of a marble washhand-stand. I darted out of bed to find all quiet, and the room undisturbed. There are many more events I might tell of, but I have written sufficient to show it is a ghostly house we reside in.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

“God's Breath in Man and in Human Society.” Crown 8vo. 256 pp. Cloth, with portrait, 3s. 6d. (E. W. Allen, 4, Ave Maria Lane, E.C.)

SATAN AS TRIER AND ACCUSER.

It is reported in dramatic form in the Book of Job that once upon a day the “Sons of God” assembled and went in before the Lord, and Satan went in among them and presented himself also.

Now, though the Book of Job, in broad outline, seems to be, as it were, a prophecy or dim allegorical representation of the Jewish people from their earliest existence as a nation to times not yet arrived, while the actual history of this people is itself a dramatic representation of the education and evolution of collective humanity through the experience of manifold trials and sufferings: yet apart from this wider and more extended signification we have two distinct classes introduced to our notice. Over both these is enthroned, as Supreme Ruler and Umpire, the Lord, Who seeth not as man and judgeth not according to appearance and outward seeming. And His “sons,” the divinely illuminated ones, are like unto Him according to the measure of their illumination. He therefore, foreknowing whom to commend, says unto Satan—the type of the lower reason, the unilluminated world-spirit—Hast thou considered My servant Job, how there is none like him for righteousness in all the earth? And Satan—for he is ever cynical, full of sneers and denial—answers, Doth Job serve the Lord for nought? Following the lower reason, his estimate of Job is based entirely upon “motives,” motives that have their impelling force in self-interest. He is a person of motives above all things, and has no conception of any other or higher springs to action. He is, therefore, a fitting type of the world-spirit to which the jurisdiction of the world in affairs mundane is committed and rightly so, so long as it confines itself to the judgment of the children of the world who have not entered on the higher spiritual plane of the illuminated ones represented as the sons of God.

Now, it is the judgment of these last by the unilluminated world-spirit that has always resulted in failure, wrong, and injustice; for though this spirit of the lower reason fail as it always does in its judgment of the illuminated, yet, like Satan in the narrative, it will take up new positions to maintain its point. It will ask with Pilate—What is truth? knowing nothing of that divine illumination that transcended the ken of Roman jurisprudence. It will employ the rack and the torture to enforce compliance with its false standards. It will condemn a Joan of Arc and others of her class, attributing their divine illumination to evil spirits or to a Satan personified, of whom, in his less objectionable office as trier and accuser, it is, in its darkness and ignorance, the representative in this world.

But if, by such inversion of right through misjudgment, human progress has been retarded to the loss of the world at large, the illuminated ones themselves have gained exceedingly, being made perfect by trial, for their reward and final judgment is of the Lord alone after Satan has done his worst as trier and accuser. These are his offices which he will continue to fill even to the end; for darkness and evil are necessary to the full manifestation of light and liberty. Hence the far-reaching significance of the words of Christ: “Blessed are ye when men persecute and revile you, for so persecuted they the prophets before you.” This is the mystery of the Cross, the perfecting of human nature by trial, sorrow, and suffering.

Co. Donegal.

WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL letters and articles are unavoidably held over.

BREVETTE.—Such reports must be signed by full name and address. We preserve yours in case you comply with this rule.

B. F.—Thank you. It is pleasant to know that what we do is useful, still more that it is appreciated so generously. We shy at the portrait, but suppose it must come.

W. J. W., G. H. J., AND OTHERS.—Yes: there is no doubt that Poe worked up the story, but did he originate it? There is, no doubt, as other correspondents point out from personal knowledge, that the story, with variants, was current some thirty years ago. It was told as a fact, and we wish to find its origin. Was the attempt ever made to transfuse vital power into a dying body by means of magnetic passes? Or is the whole story mere fiction? We do not, of course, give any credence to the legend in the form presented by Edgar Allan Poe.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"
2, DUKE STREET,
ADELPHI, W.C.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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All orders for papers and for advertisements, and all remittances, should be addressed to "The Manager" and not to the Editor.

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Light :

EDITED BY W. STAINTON-MOSES.

["M. A. (OXON.) "]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20th, 1892.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to the Editor.

"TO DAY WHILE IT IS CALLED TO-DAY."

There is a curious analogy in the life of the world to the alternating intervals in the life of man. In his fevered life repose follows labour, day is succeeded by night. If the repose be too long there comes stagnation: if life's fitful fever rages too high there comes exhaustion. The spirit in the man is fettered then by the needs of the body; but, in the due equipoise of exertion, the body soars with the spirit and vindicates for itself a higher sphere of action in the future. The healthy soul must dwell in a body that can obey its behests and further its aspirations. To grovel on earth, even though the work done be not harmful in itself, is to become debased. The daily round of toil must be sweetened by a glimpse of something higher. To have no aspiration is to sink: there is no immobility for the soul. The too common wish to "be like other people," to live as the mass lives, to fear to soar above the conventional, to dread the new as unfamiliar, to love the rut that many a wheel has worn, this is stagnation, a living death.

If we learn one spiritual lesson more clearly than another from this strange educator that has come to us in the guise of Spiritualism it is the lesson of eternal progress. Man cannot remain at any fixed point in his development. The race cannot halt in the onward march unless it would fall back. As rest succeeds exertion, as night follows on day, there may be periods in the history of the race when strife is succeeded by peace, when the lessons that have been learnt in agony bear their fruit and are assimilated in repose. So the repose does not become stagnation, this is orderly and well. If we were always in strife the soul would lose its peace. If peace endure so long that languor is bred in us, the soul will fail of its aspiration.

There are not wanting signs that a period of repose is now giving place in the life of the world to one of strenuous activity. It is emphatically a day of unrest, this close of a century.

The old order is passing or has passed. Wherever we look the indications are the same. There is the new Gospel to an age that cries for it. The old shibboleths have lost their power, or in some cases there arises a keen-eyed seer who discerns a new truth that may revivify a decaying body; one who can restate an eternal verity in terms of to-day's thought: one who can catch the popular ear by adapting to spiritual thing a new-found statement of truth, such as Evolution, which for the moment fills the thinker's mind. "Behold, I make all things new!" We seem to catch the strenuous sound that is in the air. The old dies, but only to animate new forms of thought. It is

the same story as of old. Strife, battle, valour, perseverance, victory. There is need, as the poet has sung, of

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward:
Never doubted clouds would break:
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph:
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No: at noon-day in the bustle of man's work-time,
Greet the unseen with a cheer.
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be.
"Strive and thrive!" Cry, "Speed, fight on, fare ever
There as here!"

This is the story all through the realm of thought: in matters religious, where thought reigns, and in matters social, where the element of religion shades into daily life and seeks to answer the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

This is the story, too, in all the vast domain of invention and discovery, wherein knowledge is advanced, and the veil that has shrouded the future is now and again lifted. It is a day in whose increasing light the dark crannies are giving up their hidden secrets, and the bounds of human science seem likely to be indefinitely enlarged. What is the potential future of electricity? Who shall tell? We need not seek to pry too far: only we must learn the lesson of all this fierce activity. We must be up and doing, indeed, but we must not let the fiery steed that we drive run away without guidance. Now, if ever, is needed the man with a heart in him and a head to govern it: one who will not lag, yet who will not blindly rush on the unknown. One who has the gift of moral courage as well as the animal instinct of brute bravery. It is no common balance of powers that must make the ideal man who leads in this struggle: nor can a follower dispense with the evenly-distributed mental and moral forces that are necessary to avoid failure.

The poet—the seer of to-day—has put it to us well:—
Thronging thro' the cloud-rift, whose are they, the faces
Faint revealed, yet sure divined, the famous ones of old?
What, they smile, our names, our deeds so soon erases
Time upon his tablet where life's glory lies enrolled.
Was it for mere fool's play, make-believe and mumming,
So we battled it like men, not, boy-like, sulked and whined?
Each of us heard clang God's "Come!" and each was coming:
Soldiers all, to forward face, not sneaks to lag behind.
How of the field's fortune? That concerns our Leader!
Led, we struck our stroke, nor cared for doings left and right:
Each as on his sole head, failer or succeeder,
Lay the blame or lit the praise: no care for cowards: fight.
Then the cloud-rift broadens, spanning earth that's under,
Wide our world displays its worth, man's strife and strife's
success:
All the good and beauty, wonder crowning wonder,
Till my heart and soul applaud perfection, nothing less.

It is in the clouds? Yes: it is high up the mountain-side, and there are clouds there. We must pierce through them. The sun shines above.

DONATIONS TO "LIGHT" AND THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

	£	s.	d.
Donations already acknowledged	193	0	6
Mr. T. Grant	4	0	0
Mrs. Mackinnon	2	0	0

RESIGNATION OF COLONEL OLCOTT.

Resignations are in the air. Now it is the President and Founder of the Theosophical Society, who is driven by ill-health to resign his post. He is to relinquish active work in favour of literary labour in connection with Theosophical and occult subjects. Our good wishes go with him in his retirement. His loss cannot fail to be a very serious one to the organisation, which chiefly owes its success to his skill and perseverance.

"WHERE IS SHE NOW?"—the beautiful illustration in our issue of February 6th—is now to be had at our offices, printed on strong paper, suitable for framing. Price 6d., by post 6½d.

RECORDS OF PRIVATE SEANCES FROM NOTES TAKEN AT THE TIME OF EACH SITTING.

No. IV.

FROM THE RECORDS OF S.M.

On Tuesday, August 20th, Dr. S. and I went out fly-fishing. He called my attention to the fact that he had seen a pebble fall near my feet, and said that, from the trajectory, it must have been thrown from a point quite near. He said he saw it in the air. Shortly after a small stone fell in the water near me as I was wading in mid-stream: and afterwards a stone the size of a pigeon's egg was quietly slid into my left hand as it hung down behind me while I was throwing the fly with a light one-handed rod.

At a seance on the 19th a little homœopathic book had been brought into the room and put into Dr. S.'s hand. On the 21st he and I were talking in the dining-room by the window. He could not positively remember whether the book had been taken from a shelf near where he was then sitting. I was strongly impressed—and I had become very amenable to these unaccountable impressions—to go into the adjoining room, which we used for our seances, and ask the question of our unseen friends. We did so, closed the folding doors, and soon the table tilted, raps came, and alphabet was called for. *To con* was rapped out, but Dr. S., who was rather deaf, could not hear and changed his place, coming close to me. The raps were made much more loudly, and *-vince* was added, making *To convince*. Immediately some object was placed close to his hands. It was a small copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost" from the shelf in the other room near which Dr. S. had been standing. Both Mrs. S. and I had had it in our hands during the evening. The whole affair did not take ten minutes, and we went back to the other room, and I to my interrupted cigar. It was just a comment on our conversation intended to convince a very punctilious critic that the object *had* been brought through closed doors from that shelf.

In reference to the writing referred to by Mrs. S., I find a note in my book, "I am unable to state of my own knowledge anything more than the fact of my hand having been seized and impelled to write. Dr. S. tells me that the characteristic feature was the enormous rapidity with which the message was written. Mrs. S. attempted to guide my hand, which, she says, was perfectly rigid. In some places the writing is indistinct, from the fact of the lines having crossed each other from imperfect guidance of my hand. The writing presents a bold, firm character, quite unlike what might be expected from the rapidity with which it was written. I was partially entranced during the writing and felt oppressed and weak after it was done."

The crown to which Mrs. S. alludes was composed in the same way as the cross had been made, but I found it complete, and it was not added to, though it was altered after I found it. Of course, the door was not locked when it was found, nor were any precautions at that time taken against possible trick. We did not expect any such manifestation, and we knew that there was no one in the house who would play tricks on us. The alteration was on this wise.

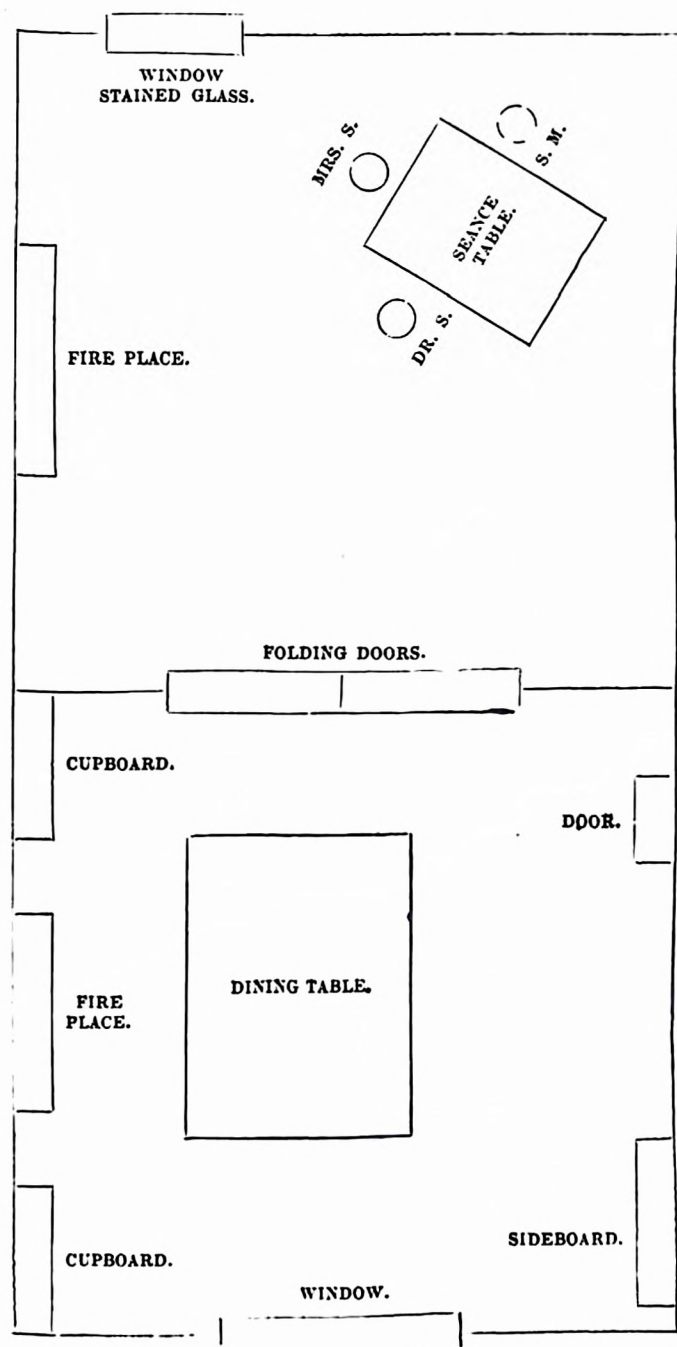
At our usual evening seance we were aware of being sprinkled with wet scent which seemed to fall from the ceiling. Subsequently I found in the outside pocket of the jacket that I was wearing a scent bottle, which had formed part of the crown to which allusion has been made above. When Dr. S. locked the door and took away the key with him, that scent bottle was undoubtedly on my bed: the crown being complete and symmetrical. Yet it was in my pocket now, and the scent that it had contained had been showered upon us till it was nearly empty. On going to my room we found that the bottle had disappeared from its place in the crown, which was obviously

and palpably vacant. To this particular manifestation, viz, the raining down of scent or the passing of scent-laden waves of air round the circle, and even to their prevalence at times in the open air, I shall have occasion to recur.

I do not find in my notes anything beyond records of now familiar phenomena, occurring, however, systematically and in profusion, until a seance when I was first levitated.

August 30th.—Dr. S. and I at first sat alone, and the usual physical phenomena took place. A small toy hand-organ belonging to one of the children was brought in and floated about. Attempts were made to play it: we could hear the turning of the handle and creaking of the works, but no other sound came. It was under the table at this time. At last a very rude attempt at a tune was heard, and the toy was thrown on the table and finally rather roughly into a distant corner of the room.

After this I felt my chair raised off the ground. It was a common occurrence for it to be pulled back, partly turned round and moved, so that I sat with my back to the north. Frequently, it would be drawn back from the table into a corner, while the table was moved in the opposite direction, and I was thus left completely isolated and unable to reach the table at all. The accompanying plan will give an idea of the position of the furniture in



the rooms. When we sat in the dining-room we always sat in the light: for dark seances we used the inner room.

As I was seated in the corner of the inner room my chair was drawn back into the corner, and then raised off the floor about a foot, as I judged, and then allowed to drop to the floor whilst I was carried up in the corner. I described my apparent movement to Dr. and Mrs. S., and took from my pocket a lead pencil, with which, when I became stationary, I made a mark on the wall opposite to my chest. This

mark is as near as may be six feet from the floor. I do not think my posture was changed, and I was lowered very gently until I found myself in my chair again. My sensation was that of being lighter than the air. No pressure on any part of the body: no unconsciousness or entrancement. From the position of the mark on the wall it is clear that my head must have been close to the ceiling. My voice, Dr. S. told me afterwards, sounded oddly away up in the corner, as if my head were turned from the table, as it was according to my observation and the mark I made. The ascent, of which I was perfectly conscious, was very gradual and steady, not unlike that of being in a lift, but without any perceptible sensation of motion other than that of feeling lighter than the atmosphere. My position, as I have said, was unchanged. I was simply levitated and lowered to my old place. On other occasions the body seems to have been longitudinally extended over the table.

It may be convenient here to copy from my notes a summary of the phenomena which we had witnessed between August 18th and 31st.

1. Raps of seven different kinds, associated with some individual intelligence, occurring on table, walls or floor, sometimes on sideboard; either together or singly.
2. Movement of objects, such as table and chairs.
3. Intelligent replies by raps in answer to questions; and comment on conversation when no seance was being held.
4. Movements, strong and pronounced, of dining-table and seance-table, without contact of our hands, at dinner-time and on other occasions.
5. Projection of small objects about the room in a playful manner: a tumbler, for example, was broken while our eyes rested upon it: and a stone was slipped into my hand in mid-stream as I was fishing.
6. Formation of cross in a locked room with intelligent design: and of crown in same room: coherent information of the intended symbolism being given by raps and direct writing.
7. Bringing into the seance-room of a great number of small objects (over fifty) from various parts of the house, on one occasion from a lighted drawing-room in which Mrs. S. was sitting.
8. Floating round the seance room and ringing of small handbell and little musical toy, brought in through closed doors from adjoining dining-room.
9. Levitation of the medium in conscious state.
10. Automatic or trance writing: in one case purporting to come from a departed friend.
11. Direct writing from other departed friends.
12. Spirit-lights and spirit form at the seances of Home and Williams.

THE DEITY OF MAN.

THE height, the deity of man is, to be self-sustained, to need no gift, no foreign force. Society is good when it does not violate me; but best when it is likest to solitude. Everything real is self-existent. Everything divine shares the self-existence of Deity. All that you call the world is the shadow of that substance which you are, the perpetual creation of the powers of thought, of those that are dependent and of those that are independent of your will. Do not cumber yourself with fruitless pains to mend and remedy remote effects; let the soul be erect, and all things will go well. You think me the child of my circumstances: I make my circumstance. Let any thought or motive of mine be different from that they are, the difference will transform my condition and economy. I—this thought which is called I—is the mould into which the world is poured like melted wax. The mould is invisible, but the world betrays the shape of the mould. You call it the power of circumstance, but it is the power of me. Am I in harmony with myself? my position will seem to you just and commanding. Am I vicious and insane? my fortunes will seem to you obscure and descending. As I am so shall I associate, and so shall I act; *Cæsar's* history will paint out *Cæsar*. *Jesus* acted so, because *He* thought so. I do not wish to overlook or gainsay any reality; I say, I make my circumstance: but if you ask me, whence am I? I feel like other men my relation to that Fact which cannot be spoken, or defined, nor even thought, but which exists and will exist.—EMERSON.

SPIRIT PAINTINGS.

There are in our editorial room some remarkable paintings executed at seances in an incredibly short space of time. "The Better Way" records some cases of a similar kind which are worth attention:—

SEANCE No. 1.

BY MRS. M. HATCH.

Mrs. H. C. Stafford, of Malden, Mass., at one of her recent seances, to which Mr. William Johnson, of Cleveland, O., Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, a well-known medium herself, Mr. George Stratton, the musician, my son Guy, and I were invited, some manifestations worthy of being recorded took place. After the doors in the room were locked to prevent ingress or egress, and consequently disturbance, and the lights subdued, the medium took her seat at the little cabinet, erected for the occasion. But hardly was she seated when the circle was apprised that the spiritual forces were at work and had already effectuated results. "Rosebud," her control, threw aside the cabinet curtains and greeted the company in words of welcome. She momentarily closed the curtains, and upon again throwing them aside, two spirits stepped forth—the former and Lucy Gray, the spirit artist. The latter advanced to the table some distance from the cabinet, took from it a porcelain plate (one of the articles placed there for her manipulation, as is customary where spirits have at previous seances ordered certain articles for their especial use or need), held it up to the light to shew that it was free from mark or spot, and then took a stand in the centre of the circle—never, however, allowing the plate to become unexposed to the view of the sitters. Then kneeling down she made a few passes over the plate and laid it on the floor. Arising she said, "Please do not touch it," and retired to the cabinet for renewed energy, which had to be drawn from the unconscious medium inside. But in a moment she returned, knelt down beside the plate, traced her fingers over it as if drawing, and then held it up. It exhibited a three-quarter view of a bust-picture of a lady, with the names of Angie and Rosebud under it, and the whole tastefully ornamented with the sprig of a rosebud, forget-me-nots, and leaves. The whole process of drawing and finishing this work of art did not exceed seven minutes.

After this manifestation spirits of all sizes and descriptions came forth from the cabinet in rapid succession, giving names and stating facts by which to identify themselves to their mortal friends present. And to prove that they were spirits and not mortal confederates, juggled into the room (as some sceptical reader will perhaps begin to surmise by this time), they began to appear from other parts of the room as well—suddenly coming up from the floor between the chairs of sitters; from under the chairs themselves and sitting in the laps of their mortal friends; some appearing as suddenly on the table and gradually vanishing again. It was a perfect carnival of ghostly visitors; and to prove that it was all of a tangible order, one spirit took two pair of closed slates from the table, placed them on his thumb, and whirled them around, during which writing could be heard going on inside of the slates, verified by examination and finding that both pair were filled with spirit messages. Doesn't all this read marvellous? Well, it may seem so to those who have never attended a materialising seance; but "greater things than these" have been done, are being done, and thus not disturbing to the experienced; and experience is knowledge—not belief. Proper investigation, carried out consistently and with patience, leads to it. Go thou and do likewise.

SEANCE No. 2.

WONDERFUL MANIFESTATION OF SPIRIT PAINTING.

BY W. G. DOBIE.

Those who live on theory have very little use for practical facts when demonstrated to them. The following facts which we present to the many readers of your valuable paper, who take an interest in all the phenomena in its various phases and are always glad to hear of any new manifestation through which the cause of spirit return can be proven to

the world, show that there is no death and that what the majority of people call death is a birth; birth into a higher and nobler existence. But to a description of the seance.

Mr. Kroeger, a well-known and highly-respected citizen of Allegheny City, Pa., is a true and earnest worker in the cause of Spiritualism. He had been told through several mediums to whom he applied within the past four years, to see if he could obtain a picture of a deceased friend, that it was not possible to obtain it through any known public medium, that he would meet in private life a medium through whom the picture could come. At this time the medium we are about to speak of (Mr. Whyte), and through whom the picture was to be produced, was not in this country, neither had he ever met or known Mr. Kroeger, or any of the ladies or gentlemen comprising the circle. Mr. Kroeger had received instruction about six weeks ago to make a strong box large enough to hold a sixteen by twenty inch canvas. There was to be a small square opening in the lid, and that strongly glazed and fixed from the back, strong hinges and clasp, and also a Yale lock: it being desired that the seance should be under strictly test conditions.

Monday, December 14th, at eight p.m., the following persons gathered at the rooms of the medium in Allegheny, Pa.: Messrs. Kroeger, Dobie, Kohn, Conner, Green, Sherds, Cowel; Mrs. Kroeger, White, McBane, Palmer, Woods, Miss Cowel, and Mr. Whyte, the medium, making the fourteenth. The canvas and box were critically examined by each individual present, and all were satisfied that everything was beyond the possibility of fraud. The canvas was placed in the box with suitable brushes and paints, the box was then securely locked, and the keys were sealed in an envelope and given to Mr. Dobie, with instructions that they should be placed in his fire-proof safe. The medium was then entranced and the circle informed that in three sittings the picture would be completed. The other evenings chosen for sittings were Friday, the 18th, and Monday, the 21st. The first evening the medium had placed slates on the table, hoping there would also be paintings produced on them. But in that we were disappointed; we were informed after sitting some time there would be nothing on slates, owing to all the forces being required to be concentrated on the canvas. At our second sitting, our circle being very harmonious, we were gratified at the result; two very beautiful landscapes were painted on the slates in less than three minutes each, one being a daylight scene, the other a moonlight. We should state that the slates at the commencement of the seance were passed to each individual in the circle to be magnetised by holding them between their hands. The first one was held by Mr. Dobie over his head in a perpendicular position; in about two minutes lights were called for and nothing found on the slate. The light was then extinguished, and in less than three minutes light was again called for, and the daylight scene was found on it, the slate never having left Mr. Dobie's hands; the second was obtained in like manner over the head of Mr. Conner. After a short time we were informed by the entranced medium that the canvas in the box was partly finished, and we then understood why the glass had been left in the lid, for through it we saw the eyes and part of the face of a most beautiful looking lady of about eighteen; so life-like did it look that many insisted it was a materialised face in the box.

On Monday, our third and last sitting, we were again fortunate enough to obtain two landscapes on slates, if anything better than former ones. A rather curious incident occurred during this sitting, an old-fashioned cut hand-mirror lying on a table near the circle was taken and placed above the head of Mr. Kohn, and in about two minutes a beautiful spray of lilacs was painted around it. The medium then stated the picture was completed and desired Mr. Dobie to produce the keys, which were found to be in the same condition as when placed in his custody. With beating and anxious hearts we gathered around the box, it then being opened, we were gratified and astonished to behold the spiritual face depicted there. Mr. Kroeger immediately recognised the likeness of his spirit friend.

We should also mention that when the box was opened, each brush was found broken in two, and the paints all used up. One feature of Mr. Whyte's seances is, that he receives no remuneration, and the slates and other articles painted are given to the ladies and gentlemen comprising the circle as souvenirs of the occasion.

SPIRITUALISM WITHOUT SPIRITS.

Some thirty years ago when Home was performing his marvels in Paris a certain French Abbé was very jealous of him. This gentleman showed what real magic was like. It was necessary to purchase a conjurer's dressing gown, a sprig of verbenia, a "new sword," a magic wand, a chafing dish with laurel and alder charcoal, and to recite the litanies and draw the diagrams of the Kabbalah. There is no evidence that the worthy Abbé ever got much further in his magic than the purchase of the dressing gown and the verbenia; but before he died he started a very silly theory, which has borne unexpected developments. Still girding at Home he announced that at death a spirit was divided into two halves, one of which took all the good qualities to Heaven and the other took all the evil qualities to the seance rooms of the "Spiritists." Of course, this is the most immoral doctrine ever enunciated. According to it the wolf-man Schneider, of whom perhaps we have heard a little too much lately, will two seconds after his approaching interview with the public hangman of Vienna attain a moral state far more lofty and pure than that of St. John, or Swedenborg, or General Gordon. All stain of evil having been removed from him he will be absolute perfection; although the theory that a wolf-man like Schneider shall at once enjoy the bliss of the just man made perfect seems to take away all our incentive to do good.

A few years after this a lady who had received "absolute truth" from certain Esoteric Buddhists in Thibet certainly forgot for a time this absolute truth, and was driven to the works of Eliphas Lévi and the "Banner of Light" for her Thibetan inspirations. She copied down almost verbatim the passage from Eliphas Lévi about the "Shells"; and the Society for Psychical Research being, like her, on the lookout for a stick to beat the Spiritualists with, flirted for a time with her and her "Shells." Certainly Madame Blavatsky lacked the higher gift of imagination. A real Mahomet draws his Koran from his internal consciousness and not his notebook. But the touch of genius that the Russian lady lacked was now added. If a man became two personalities at death, plainly he must be two personalities in the earth life. Louis V. was "quiet, well-behaved, obedient" at the age of fourteen, and a teetotaller. Then a viper gave him a fright and he became "violent, greedy, quarrelsome." I quote Mr. Stead's condensation of the case. Also he began to steal wine. He is under treatment, and at one moment the good Louis V. is prominent, and at others the bad Louis V. Plainly we have two Louis V.'s, two "personalities," two "souls."

Now if all this is intended as a trope it may be considered harmless enough, but the Society for Psychical Research affect to bring matters into the domain of experimental science. They despise tropes.

What is personality?

Let us suppose that the eldest son of a rich banker, say Mr. Lombard Smith, goes off to shoot large game in Australia. He is away seven years, and intermediately the elder Lombard Smith dies. The son comes back to claim his father's money. Interested relatives contest this claim. He has to prove his "personality" in a public court. We know the sort of evidence which will now be brought forward. An old nurse will recognise her charge and announce that he was very slow to take notice. Governesses will remember that the A B C and English spelling puzzled him. Schoolmasters will depose that he never could make Latin verses scan. Tutors and crammers never could get him past the *Pons Asinorum* in Euclid and the Army examiners at Burlington House. It will be deposed that the young man has marks on his person and anatomical peculiarities that prove his identity without a doubt.

But the interested relatives now produce their case. A senior wrangler who had taken to sheep farming comes forward and announces that at a Spiritualistic seance at Melbourne he saw the young man go off into a trance and then do difficult geometrical problems one after another as dictated to him, and also compose impromptu Latin verses that scanned beautifully. Other witnesses back this evidence. It is plain that this "personality" can't be the "personality" that stumbled at the asses' bridge.

Now this is the crux of the question. Could the preposterous nonsense be maintained that there is a second "personality" in the literal sense? A personality is a growth.

Witnesses would have to come forward who had observed this growth in its baby state, short frock state, and so on. An old nurse must depose that she remembered the child, and he was very quick to take notice. Governesses and tutors will remember that in spelling and Latin composition he was exceptionally good. Crammers will announce that his mathematical papers beat those of all his competitors.

But here some simple member of the Society for Psychical Research may urge that they have never meant to affirm that there were two "personalities" whose existence could be established in a court of law. They merely meant that a Lombard Smith may have two hemispheres in his brain, one admirably adapted to the solution of geometric problems, the other quite incapable of any such intellectual achievement.

The answer to that is that the chief apostles of the Society for Psychical Research have always claimed much more than this. This dual personality business was borrowed from Madame Blavatsky for a special purpose, namely, to establish a Spiritualism without spirits. There is overwhelming evidence in every nation in the world that the spirit of a dead man can communicate with a living man—prove his identity in many ways, show powers, intellectual, artistic, far superior to those of the medium through whom he speaks, disclose secrets hidden in the past and also in the future. Now these evidences—and their name is legion—had to be met; and it is pretty evident that the fact that one man in a million has an unsymmetrical brain is by no means all that the apostles of Psychical Research mean to preach. Mr. Stead, coached by them, talks of "two souls," two "personalities," "sensational facts," "startling hypothesis." The language is no doubt vague, but it is all put forward with a purpose. The brain of our Mr. Lombard Smith shows at once intellectual capacity and incapacity. When he is in a trance, let us say, he sometimes swears like a boatswain. Once he announced that his aunt would die on January 6th, and she died unexpectedly on that very day. "Facts like these," says Spiritualism, "prove the action of an outside mind." "Not at all," says Materialism, "in each of us besides our personality there is something vague, so our language is vague. General Gordon in a trance might swear and blaspheme. We would call it, then, the left hemisphere of his brain acting a little independently of the right hemisphere. M. Schneider, in *extasiâ* in his prison cell might preach a sermon on self-sacrifice. We would call this his unconscious 'Higher Self' asserting its existence. This 'Higher Self' of M. Schneider might paint in oils without lessons or play upon the violin—the papers say he is a medium. It might translate the Rig Veda without knowing Sanskrit. Aided by Blavatsky we meet the Spiritualists at all points."

But the apostles of the gospel of Psychical Research have dispelled their own nightmare. A certain verbal plausibility hangs round the "two soul" theory—verbal plausibility is all that is aimed at. But they have suddenly put forward the idea of *three souls* in one body, not seeing that the third soul, like a phagocyte, eats up the second. A French peasant has two controls, "Léonie II." and "Léonie III." By a process called the *reductio ad absurdum* these three Léonies overthrow the gospel of Psychical Research.

ALIF.

A FRIEND who has just returned from Armenia tells me that a belief exists there that a sick room where anyone is lying seriously ill is filled with angels, who are sent to watch over the patient. The room is always richly draped, for the angels are supposed to be accustomed to beautiful things in Heaven. Plates of sweets, dried fruit, and cakes are placed in the corners of the room, for though angels do not partake of earthly refreshment, they like hospitality shown to them. Every visitor, as he enters the room, strikes a cord on the *valaika* (an Armenian instrument), which hangs at the head of the sick-bed, to greet the angels.

THE time will come when we shall perceive that there are but two beings in the whole universe—our own soul and the God who made it. Sublime, unlooked for doctrine, yet most true! To everyone of us there are but two beings in the whole world, himself and God; for as to this outward scene, its pleasures and pursuits, its honours and cares, its contrivances, its personages, its kingdoms, its multitudes of busy slaves, what are they to us? Nothing; no more than a show. Even those near and dear, our friends and kinsfolk, whom we do right to love, they cannot get at our souls or enter into our thoughts, so that even they vanish before the clear vision we have first of our existence, next of the presence of the great God in us and over us as our Governor and Judge, Who dwells in us by our conscience, which is His representative.—J. H. NEWMAN.

ONCE MORE "CHARLES DICKENS."

About six months ago we were applied to, as we often are, for some advice as to the development of mediumship. The gentleman who sought our guidance received the same sort of reply as we send to inquirers of his type. Among other pieces of advice we suggested to him to try for automatic writing. He did so without success, but persevered on our further encouragements, and a perusal of a work of Allan Kardec's led him to invoke the presence of a departed friend. Then, for the first time, the hand began to move and a short message was written. The system of invocation was pursued in an earnest and prayerful spirit, and the writing continued, raps being promised in the near future. He can now obtain clear and distinct raps to almost any number. There has also been some indication of the development of clairvoyance. At first the medium saw what we have described as "floating masses of luminous vapour"—"clouds and stars" (he describes them), "out of which are developed faces more or less distinct." Among the recognised faces, which are very transient, has been that of Charles Dickens.

We suggested that the messages given automatically should be tested as to their external character and independence of conscious brain-action by the medium's reading a book while his hand was writing. He informs us that he has made the experiment and finds that he "can still write, but very slowly and laboriously." He encloses us a specimen of the writings which are thus written and signed by Charles Dickens. It was written in the early morning—a time selected, on our advice, as being likely to be most quiet and free from disturbance. There was no effort in the writing, and the style, he informs us, and treatment of the subject are different from what would be his own. About an hour was spent in writing the story we print.

He mentions as corroborative of the influence of a spirit calling himself Charles Dickens that later in the day when this story was written in the early morning two friends of his were experimenting with "Ouija," and were getting various short messages, when he suggested that they should ask who it was that was communicating. "The reply came strongly and decidedly, Charles Dickens." His name had not been mentioned, nor were they aware of his communications with our correspondent. It would seem reasonable, therefore, to conclude that the same intelligence was at work in both cases.

The story which follows is given without any expression of opinion on our part as to its alleged authorship. It is a specimen of automatic writing that we think interesting. That is all. It was written on January 23rd of this year:—

In the heart of the great city dwelt a young girl, an orphan, whose father and mother had in her early childhood left her to fight life's battle alone, uncared for, and unaided.

'Tis true she was consigned to the questionable affections of an aged relative, but from whom, alas! she received scant kindness.

This now had given place to a lone and bitter struggle with the world for the necessities of bare existence. Her guardian had ceased to blame or chide her; she was alone, and the orphan was now friendless and alone in chill and cheerless London.

This relative was poor, and left nothing behind her save a few unpaid bills, which her niece, by dint of much labour, honestly discharged. She was a splendid needlewoman, this poor girl, and this was now her only means of subsistence. There was at present no dearth of work. Patiently day after day she sat in her humble, ill-lighted garret with her task before her. So much work! So poor the pay! From morn till night she scarce moved from her bent, wearying posture, making no complaint, heaving no sigh, content but to gain a livelihood and pay her way.

Day by day she toiled thus, and every evening saw her hurry away with an accomplished task.

Few who saw that pale face and deep, wistful eyes but were touched with infinite pity as she hurried past them.

the brilliantly-lighted shop from which she would again emerge with fresh employment. And day by day they noticed her pallor increase, her face more wan, and her lustrous eyes more weary. But what cared they for this? It was a common sight to them. Even she knew that when she could no longer work there would be no more pay; and presently this time came.

One day she awoke later than usual to find the sun striving to find its way through the dim and narrow casement. She essayed to rise. The hour was late; what was to become of the work which lay piled high upon the little table?

For the first time her limbs refused their office. A dull, aching pain in the forehead told her what she had long feared. Her bodily strength was exhausted. The strain so long continued had been too much for her—she was incapacitated for the daily toil. The thought was agonising in its intensity. She made another effort to rise, and fell back in a dead faint.

When she awoke she found the rough, hard-featured landlady by her bedside, holding some weak spirits to her lips. This poor girl, who had never robbed her as others had done, with her gentle voice and courteous ways had touched her hard, harsh heart. For her she had felt something akin to love and pity.

Hearing no movement in the chamber above as was usual, she had entered. Struck with the lifeless pallor and something unnatural in the expression, she had touched the lips with the only simple remedy to hand, and the kindly act had caused the heavy lids to open.

The poor seamstress never recovered from this utter exhaustion and paralysis of her bodily powers. She rallied for a few days, but the drain had been so excessive that the constitution was wrecked. Gradually she sank, her face wearing its old, tender smile. No word of complaint or murmur breathed through those paling lips. Her expression was calm and peaceful, and, as each day her strength waned, more beautiful she became, but as the beauty of an angel slowly reaching the boundary where these woes are not.

The kind-hearted landlady, with her harsh features transformed by pity, was ever near her. No more the callous, rough-voiced termagant, but a re-born, sympathetic woman with infinite and tender pity.

At last the gates opened for her change.

Upon the pale face shone the glory of an angel, already the brightening gleam of the immortality to come. With hands raised aloft in the sunlight, no earth light saw she, but the glorious radiance proceeding from countless forms who were waiting to conduct this poor earth-child to sunnier, happier realms.

What wonder that her face is glorified. The gates have parted. She is no more of earth but of Heaven.

CHARLES DICKENS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"Lucifer" and the "Hidden Things of Darkness."

SIR,—In criticising the January number of "Lucifer" in your issue for February 6th you complain of the abstruseness of certain articles treating of the higher branches of Theosophical ethics and metaphysics, and notably of a dissertation on "Dhyāna," in which are employed many terms and phrases which convey no meaning to your mind. You admit that it is reasonable to enshrine esoteric statements in language that is intelligible to one prepared by previous study or teaching, but question the propriety of publishing such esoteric statements in a magazine whose declared function is "to bring light to the hidden things of darkness."* The difficulty has however a fairly obvious solution. "Lucifer" is designed to fulfil the requirements, not only of the general public, but also of a minority of more advanced readers. This latter class, as well as the more ordinary student, have their "hidden things of darkness" upon which light must be shed; and to them such an article as that upon "Dhyāna" would be most serviceable, for they have learnt the meaning of the Sanscrit words employed (most of which have no adequate English equivalent),* and have become familiar with the phraseology and imagery.

* This hardly conveys what was meant. We believe that general intelligibility might be got without any sacrifice of exactness; but this, of course, we at once admit is for Editorial discretion. We have to thank a friend for sending us a glossary which gives "adequate English equivalents" for most, if not all, Esoteric terms. But even a glossary is not always with us in times of perplexity.—ED. "LIGHT."

This being so, I question whether the proportion of abstruse articles in the whole assortment is unduly large. "Lucifer," like other magazines, is subject to the necessity of catering for a public of varied and graduated attainments and needs, and we may reasonably credit the Editor with a due appreciation of the proportions in which the two elements should exist so as to please the largest number of readers and dispel the most varied assortment of "hidden things of darkness." Before concluding I must not forget to express our appreciation of the terms in which you recognise our sincerity and zeal: "There is abundant evidence that our friends mean work. They are to be up and doing here, there, and everywhere. That is good, too." B.A. (CANTAB.)

Commendation.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to express in your columns my very great regret that I am quite unable this year to add my name to the Sustentation Fund for "LIGHT"?

But the calls upon my purse have been so unexpected, and so heavy during the last few months, that I have no choice in the matter.

I write this, as I should be grieved indeed that it should be thought that the omission arose from any abatement of interest on my part in our grand and holy faith, or in my sense of the great value to Spiritualists of that paper, which, we must all feel, you have conducted with such talent, discretion, and impartiality, as to place it in the very first rank of spiritual journals; for which we owe you a deep debt of gratitude.

That "LIGHT" is now, by the generosity of an anonymous donor, placed on a firm foundation, is, indeed, a source of great thankfulness; and I feel sure all will unite with me in an earnest prayer to God that our good Editor may soon be restored to perfect health and strength, thus enabling him to continue his valuable work with pleasure to himself as well as with great profit to his readers.

"LILY."

Illusions in Life's Trance.

SIR,—I think readers of Dr. Wyld's very interesting and valuable notice of Dr. Tuckey's work on "Psycho-Therapeutics" may like to see the following account of the fourth step of the soul's progress—surely not always *ascension*—to a state of Trance. Commenting upon the words of Genesis ii. 21 Boehme says: "Man fell into a deep sleep, viz., into the *Magia*, it was with him as if he were not in this world, for all his senses or thoughts ceased, the wheel of the essences passed into a rest. He was, as it were, essential, *not* substantial, he was altogether like the *Magia*; for he knew nothing of his body; he lay as dead, but was not dead; but the spirit of the body stood still. And then the essences have their *effect*, and the spirit of the soul only seeth or discerneth; and there is *portrayed* in the sidereal spirit all whatsoever the starry heaven bringeth forth. And stood magically in the mind as a looking-glass on which the spirit of this world gazeth and conveyeth whatever it seeth in the looking-glass into the essences; and the essences flow forth therein, *as if* they did perform the work in the spirit, and portray it in the spirit; which are *dreams*, and representations or figures." ("Treatise on the Incarnation." Part I. chap. vi., pars 1 to 5.)

Now, if anyone reading this should ask, What did Boehme mean by essences? my answer would be, I shall be very glad if anyone can tell me. Though in the original German text *wesen* is both *essence* and *substance*, I understand by his use of the first word active psychical powers, and by the second their passive physical media. If his sense of "the *Magia*" were inquired for, I should humbly allow that its complicated depths of meaning baffle my understanding, as much as the mysteries of modern Mesmerism defy scientific analysis. Possibly two of his own briefest definitions may help minds quick to seize an obscure inference. "The *Magia* is the greatest hidden secret, for it is above Nature, and maketh Nature according to the form of its will." . . . "The *Magia* is the acting in the will spirit, or the performance in the spirit of the will." (Point 5, pars. 70 and 88.) What most puzzles me in the passage describing Adam's trance, is that in which *the spirit of the world is said to have gazed into his quiescent mind, and to have set the essences at work according to the figures there reflected from the astral world*. This suggests a great deal. Taking for an established promise that *animus mundi* is inferior to the human spirit, though the

parent of the elementary human soul, may we translate the process into modern mesmerism practice thus? The stronger will of the hypnotiser, having overpowered the weaker will of his patient, injects imaginations into a passive mind, which elementary spirits—the world-soul's executive force—study as a determining model, and proceed to carry out in act, as far as they can—how far?—by moving the plastic machinery of the nervous system? Truly a rough translation.

This is, of course, a kind of sorcery, and a most dangerous kind; but to magic spells of some sort a very large proportion of human conduct is due. We call it influence, and think of what comes from fellow-man; Swedenborg called it influx, and taught that it proceeds also and always from a various host of unseen companions, who at once share and intensify our illusions. Is there, then, no protection from the phantastic enchantments of universal *Magia*? None, so far as I can see. The fact admitted in our Bible that man was "made subject to vanity, not willingly," seems to forbid any idea of seeing things as they are in this life. Yet who can seriously doubt that this temporary enforcement of coloured glasses is the work of wisest love? They admit light enough to work by honestly—guiding rays from the great Spiritual Sun: accepting, and working by their light, we shall at last reach "the way, the truth, and the life."

A. J. PENNY.

Jacques Inaudi Again.

SIR.—We are glad to hear again of Jacques Inaudi. The "Daily Telegraph" in "Paris Day by Day," of February 11th, 1892, writes of him as:—

The new Babbage, whose extraordinary calculating powers have justly astonished the erudite members of the Academy of Sciences. Of all the difficult arithmetical problems given to him by the academicians he never made a single error. He came to Paris in 1890.

The "Revue Spirite" of May, 1890, writes of him as a child ten years of age, and entirely uneducated. He must have been twelve, as he is now twenty-four years, but a small man. He had then begged his way, a short time previously, from Piedmont to Paris. That which, however, chiefly interests me, as a reader of "LIGHT," is that Jacques Inaudi seems to be undoubtedly a clairaudient and clairvoyant medium.

This interesting article in the "Revue Spirite" of May, 1890, tells us the following:—

A. M. Bouillat writes to us from Beze, near Orléans, and says that the boy Inaudi asked a young woman at his house her age. She answered "Twenty-two years." The boy then asked, "How many months and days? Ah! you don't know. Well now, in what year, what month, and what day of the month were you born?" The young woman having answered, Jacques said, "That makes twenty-two years three months and seventeen days." He then held down his head, and in twenty seconds he gave the number of minutes. I took a note and made the calculation: it was exact. I remarked that the child did not think or seek it (*ne cherchait pas*), he was simply very attentive, he listened. I said to him, "My little friend, it is not you who make these calculations." He looked me full in the face without answering. I repeated, "I know it is not you." And leaning towards him, and lowering my voice, I added, "I talk with the dead." He looked at me and answered with a satisfied air, "Do you talk with the dead? you! Very well; yes, sir, it is not I; it is my mother who is dead that does all this for me that I may get my bread." I asked him if he had told this to other people. He answered, "No," and said that no one had talked to him on the subject. Then, turning round he cried, "Yes! There is my mother! there she is! ask her!" I said, "Does it please her to see you with us?" But the spirit was gone. The poor child told me about his family, and much about his mother, whom his father beat.

It would seem contrary to natural law that the poor mother, when dead, should have this marvellous power of calculation, if she had it not when living; unless, indeed, things sometimes go by contraries on the other side, and, while some lose, others gain. May we suppose, then, that certain spirits, with calculating powers quickened by fluidic life, accompanied the mother's spirit, or even assumed this presentment of the mother, for the child's satisfaction? Was it a pious fraud?

The Editor of the "Revue Spirite" adds:—

On April 5th, 1899, we saw Jacques Inaudi at the house of the astronomer, M. Camille Flammarion, who, surrounded as he was by men of science, put questions to this wondrous calculating child. The boy is like his photograph, given in the "Revue" of April; his eyes are sharp and sparkling with intelligence; he has a quick, clever answer, and is full of joy and alacrity. He was able to imitate instantly, after having seen them but once, the remarkable conjuring tricks

of Professor Jacobin, who is more afraid of the eyes of this marvellous child than he is of those of a company of magicians.

Certainly, spirits know how to choose good tools to work with.

T. W.

SOCIETY WORK.

MRS. MARSH'S SEANCES.—An open seance will be held at Mrs. Ayers', 45, Jubilee-street, Mile End, on Tuesday, February 22nd, at 8 o'clock.—W. M.

16, QUEEN'S PARADE, CLAPHAM JUNCTION, S.W.—On Sunday, 21st inst., at 7 p.m., Mr. J. Burns will give an address on "Man as Epitome of the Universe," with philosophical deductions.—C. D. W.

17, MAIDEN LANE, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.—Mrs. Adeline Bingham will gladly welcome investigators at her seance on Thursday, at 8 p.m. Mrs. Mason, medium, Saturdays, at 7.30 p.m., seance, Mrs. Spring.—J. H. E., Hon. Sec.

SEANCES.—A private circle has been opened at Broken Hill, N.W. Information from Mr. Herbert, one of the E. R. Redman, 18, Reading-road, Brixton Hill, S.W. A few neighbours can be admitted on application as above, space permitting.

14, GERRARD ROAD, SHERBORN'S BUSH, W.—On Sunday Mr. Dale gave us an able discourse upon the "Development of Mediumship." Mr. Francis and Mr. Ware also gave excellent addresses. Mrs. Mason's controls gave some clairvoyant descriptions which were recognised. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., seance, Mrs. Ashton Bingham. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., seance, Mrs. Mason.—J. H. E., Sec.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HARTLEY, E.—Spiritual service every Sunday at 7 p.m. February 21st, speaker, Mr. J. Allen. At 8.30, committee meeting. On Monday, February 20th, a social dance at 8 p.m. Admission 6d., to assist the funds of the society. Tickets obtainable at the Hall, or from the hon. sec., Mr. J. Chapman, 3, Park-avenue, Wall End, East Ham.—J. A.

CANTON.—We were again privileged at the Psychological Hall, on the 7th inst., to listen to the guides of Mrs. Vale, who discoursed in the morning upon "Soul Science," and in the evening upon "Real Life after Death." On Monday evening a number of written questions from the audience were replied to in an able and exhaustive manner, after which eight clairvoyant descriptions were given with great facility. The addresses were "tuned in" with evident interest by good audiences, fair notices of the meetings appearing in the Local Press.—E. A.

MARTLEBOROUGH SPIRITUAL HALL, 30, HIGH STREET, W.—On Sunday evening last Mr. Veitch gave an earnest address on "The Religious Aspect of Spiritualism." The speaker, who was listened to with marked attention, showed how a knowledge of this great truth taught a more personal religion than did the prevailing doctrines. Sunday morning next, meeting at 11 a.m., friendly discussion; evening, at 7 p.m., Mr. Wainman, "Personal Experiences in Spiritualism"; Tuesday, at 8 p.m., open discussion; Thursday, at 7.45 p.m., seance, Mrs. Spring; Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., seance, Mrs. Treadwell.—L. HART.

22, DEVONSHIRE ROAD, FOREST HILL.—A very successful social gathering was held on Thursday last, when thanks to the efforts of members and friends alike, a most enjoyable evening was spent. On Sunday evening last an interested audience listened with marked attention to Mr. W. E. Long's address on the "Woman of Endor's Seance." Despite the defection of some of our members we are glad to report a good attendance, and fresh recruits are joining our ranks daily. Sunday, February 21st, Mr. A. M. Rodger, at 7 p.m. Thursday, seance, Mrs. Bliss, 8 p.m.—W. H. BLACKMAN, Sec., 22, Devonshire-road, Forest Hill.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 311, CANNON-WALL, NEW-ROAD, S.E.—An enjoyable social evening was spent on Tuesday last, thanks to the efforts of Mr. Walter Rayment, who ably sustained the musical part of the programme. Next Sunday evening, at 7 p.m., Mr. A. L. Ward on "Prayer." We had a successful evening on Sunday, when Mrs. Kemmish favoured us with a reading which was instructive to all, followed by Mr. Ward, who read an ably-written paper on "What do we know of the Spirit World?" which brought forth a few sharp questions. Mr. Coote concluded with psychometrical readings.—W. G. COOTE, Assl. Sec.

PECKHAM.—WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH STREET.—On Sunday morning, Mr. Dale's subject: "Planetary Influences" was interesting as well as instructive. In the evening the President, in his remarks upon "The Resurrection Day," alluded to the conflicting statements lately made by the clergy on this question, and showed the contrast with Spiritualist proven facts, which so strikingly concur with the teachings of Jesus. Mr. Dale continued and adduced further evidence. Mr. Munro told how he became a convert "by hard facts," and related a dream by which his life had been preserved, as Spiritualism taught him to heed such warnings. On Wednesday we had again some successful psychometry by Mr. Veitch. The collection is entirely devoted to charity. Sunday next, seance at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Wednesdays, 8 p.m., Mr. Veitch. Friday, discussion.—J. T. ARD.